

16.

Loues Solace;

O R

The true lovers part, & in his conclusion he shews his constant heart.

He still doth praise her for her beauty rare,
And sayes there's none with her that can compare.To a new Court tune called the *Damaske Rose*.

The Damaske Rose noz Lilly faire,
the Countie noz the Pancy,
With my true Love cannot compare,
foz beauty lous and fancy,
She doth excell the rarest Dame,
in all the world that may be,
Which makes me thus extoll her fame,
so sweet is the Lasse that lous me.

If I should speake of my true Love,
as I am bound in duty;
She doth surpass the gods above,
in each degree foz beauty,
Iuno, Pallas, noz Venus faire,
Shine not so bright and lonely,
Ther's none with her that may compare,
so sweet is the Lasse that lous me.

When first I saw her p'relesse face,
I did admire her beauty,
And I did seeke with heart and voyce,
to offer her all duty,
Which willingly she did accept,
so kind and loving was she,
Which makes me thus with all respect,
say sweet is the Lasse that lous me.

Mars though he be the god of warre,
could not so deeply wound me,
As Cupid with a little sharre,
which I haue plainly shovne you,
Boreas with all his blustering stormes,
neber pierst so sorely:
Cupids Arrowes picke like thornes,
so sweet is the Lasse that lous me.

Foz her sweet sake I'll undertake,
any thing she requireth,
As sayle the Seas like Captains Drake,
whose deeds there's some admireth
What ever she commands is done,
so much her love doth move me,
She is a p'ecious Paragon,
so sweet is the Lasse that lous me.

Bright Cinthia in her rich Robes,
my Love doth much resemble,
whose beauntious beames such rares affords
that makes my heart to tremble,
Yet is the Saint so chaste so rare,
which unto fancy moves me,
And makes my toyes without compare,
so sweet is the Lasse that lous me.

Diana and her Darlings deare,
that lived in woods and vallies:
And spent her time so chaste and rare,
she with no mankind dallies:
Yet is she not more chaste than my Love,
I hope none can disprove me,
And no my mind shall nere remove,
so sweet is the Lasse that lous me.

Sweet Love adieu I pray be true,
and thinke of what is spoken,
Change not thy old friend foz a new,
let not thy bow be broken,
Sweet Love I leave thee foz this time,
foz so it doth behoue me,
But still my heart both me combine,
to say sweet is the Lasse that lous me.

45. 6. 28. 218.

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The second part, To the same Tune.
The Maidens kind answer wherein she doth agree,
That he shall be her Loue, and none but onely he.



My loue, my life, my ducke my deare,
now will I yeld vnto thee,
All thou hast said I well did heare,
and now thy words both moue me,
For to reply in answer kind,
and so thy selfe shall proue me,
I will not change like to the wind,
so sweet is the Lasse that loues thee.

Be thou my lonely Pyramus,
He be thy constant Thysbe,
And I am now resolved thus,
neuer to displease thee.
True loue surpasseth Cra/us gold,
tis not thy wealth that moues me,
Hereafter let my loue be bold,
and say sweet is the Lasse that loues me.

He proue as chaff vnto my Loue,
as euer could be any.
So sond inticements me shall moue,
although I am byged to many,
I will indure for euer kind,
as it both best behoue me,
A truer Mate thou shalt not find,
so sweet is the Lasse that loues thee.

My daily care shall alwaies be,
onely for to delight thee,
And I my selfe still will be she
that shall with loyes vniute thee,
I will shine bright at noone and night,
if I may so content thee,
Like Cinthia I will shine bright,
vnto the Lad that loues me.

Doe not despaire my onely deare,
let not vaine thoughts torment thee,
Of my true heart haue thou no feare,
nor doe not thou absent me,
I will remaine for euer sure,
though I a while did proue thee,
Will death depart He thine indure,
so sweet is the Lasse that loues thee.

No gold nor gaine shall me obtaine,
to fancy any other,
All those that seeke my Loue to gaine,
their wishes I doe smother,
I answer them vnto their kind,
for so it both behoue me,
I will not change like to the wind,
so sweet is the Lasse that loues thee.

So Loue adieu I pray be true,
I am thine owne for euer,
The next time that I meet with you,
wile not so long disceuer,
Although we part I leaue my heart,
with him that dearely loues me,
Tis Hymens bands must ease my smart,
and I am the Lasse that loues thee.

O my sweet lone and onely deare,
thou hast renewed my pleasure,
Thou in my sight dost more appeare
than any earthly treasure;
I doe reioyce much in my choise,
and so it both behoue me,
He sing thy praise with heart and voice,
so sweet is the Lasse that loues me.